Goe, get me hither *paper, inke*, and *pen*,
Yet saue that labour for I haue them here,
(VVhat should I say?) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be ready by and by to beare
A *Letter* to my *Lord*, my loue, my *deare*,
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
The cause craues haste, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
First houering ore the *paper* with her *quill*.
Conceit and *griefe* an eager *combat* fight,
VVhat *Wit* sets downe is blotted still with *Will*.
This is too *curious* good, this *blunt* and *ill*.
Much like a prease of *people* at a *dore*,
Throng her inuentions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy *Lord*
Of that vnworthy *wife* that greeteth thee,
Health to thy *person*, next vouchsafe t'afford
(If euer, Loue, thy *Lucrece* thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me,
So I commend me from our house in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my words are brie

Here folds she vp the *tenor* of her *woe*,
Her certaine *sorrow* writ vncertainly,
By this short schedule *Colatine* may know
Her *griefe*, but not her *griefes* true *quality*,
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Left he should hold it her owne grosse *abuse*,
Ere shee with *bloud* had staind her staind excuse.

Besides, the life and *feeling* of her *passion*
She hoards to spend, when he is by to heare her,
VVhen *sighes* and *groanes* and *teares* may grace the
Of her *disgrace*, the better so to cleare her (fa
From that *suspitiõ* which the world might beare

o *see* sad *sights* moues more than *beare* them told:
or then the *eye* interprets to the *eare*
he heauy *motion* that it doth behold
When euery *part* a part of *woe* doth beare:
s but a part of *sorrow* that we heare.
Deep *sounds* make lesser noise than shallow *fords*,
And *sorrow* ebs being blown with wind of *words*.

Her *letter* now is sealed, and on it writ,
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste.
The *post* attends, and she deliuers it,
Charging the *sowre face d'groome* to hie as fast
As lagging soules before the *Northerne* blast.
Speed, more than *speed*, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still vrgeth such *extremes*.

The homely *villaine* curses to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast *eye*
Receiues the *scroll* without or *yea* or *no*,
And forth with bashfull *innocence* doth flie:
But they whose *guilt* within their *bosomes* lie,
Imagine euery *eye* beholds their blame;
For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

VVhen silly *Groome* (God wot) it was defect
Of *spirit, life*, and bold *audacity*,
Such harmlesse *creatures* haue a true respect
To talke in *deeds*, while other saucily
Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely,
Euen so this pattern of the worne out *age*,
Pawn'd honest *lookes*, but layd no *words* to gage.

His kindled *duty* kindled her *mistrust*,
That two red *fires* in both their *faces* blazed,
She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquins* lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed.
Her earnest *eye* did make him more amazed:
The more he saw the bloud his *cheeks* replenish,